

1918
Post Office (War) Relief Fund
(Belfast Committee).

FOURTH ANNUAL
CONCERT

ULSTER HALL, BELFAST,
November 8th, 1918.

Artistes :

Miss MAY HUXLEY,	- Soprano.
Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW,	- Violin.
Mr. FRANK MULLINGS,	- Tenor.
Mr. FRASER GANGE,	- Baritone.
Mr. GEORGE WOODHOUSE,	- Pianoforte.

Accompanists :

Mrs. HERBERT WARNOCK.
Mr. ALAN PARKER.

Steinway Concert-Grand Pianoforte supplied by Messrs. M. Crymble, Ltd.

CONCERT COMMITTEE :

JOHN LEE, Esq., M.A. (Postmaster), Chairman.
Misses Gormley and Stanfield, and Messrs. A. F. M'Gann and Peoples (Telegraph) ; Messrs. Megaw and O'Donnell (Postal Branch) ; Messrs. Milliken, Finlay, Harper, Irvine, and Pepper (Postmen's Branch) ; Miss Forrest and Mr. Maclean (Telephones) ; Mr. Laslett (Engineering Branch). Honorary Secretary—Mr. J. R. Yarr.

Programme and Words - - - **THREEPENCE.**

1. The National Anthem.

(The audience is invited to sing).

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2. Duet for Violin and Piano,

(a) Allegretto espressivo alla Ramanza,

(b) Allegro animato,

From Sonata in C Minor,

Greig

Miss Kathleen Parlow.

Mr. George Woodhouse.

3. Recit. } "Hear me, ye winds and waves!" Handel
Air. } Mr. Fraser Gange.

RECIT.

From the rage of the tempest
Out of the seething waters
So far the Gods protect me;
Here in this lonely haven
I kneel and thank the Gods
For their assistance!
But what avails this thread
Of mere existence!
Thus bereft of my cohorts,
Thus bereft of my legions,
From conquest after conquest—
Is this the triumph?
Alone in these death-like regions
Like the flash of a meteor
Ends Cæsar's glory!

AIR.

Hear me, ye winds and waves!
Your help proud Cæsar craves!
Bring to my aching breast
Peace and eternal rest.
No hope in Heav'n above,
And torn from all I love,
Despair now holds me;
Forsaken and undone
I pray for Death alone.

4. Violin Solo,

(a) Andante,

Lalo

(b) Variations on a theme of Corelli, *Tartini*

Miss Kathleen Parlow.

5. Aria,

"Celeste Aida" (Aida)

Verdi

Mr. Frank Mul'ings.

RECIT.

' Se quel guerrier io fossi! se il mio sogno si avverasse!
Nn esercito di prodi da me guidato, e la vittoris, e il plauso di
Memfi turrs! Ea ta, mis dolce Aiaa, ternar di lauri cinto,
dirti per te ho pugnate, per te ho vino.

ARIA.

Celeste Aide, forms divine,
Mistico serto di luce e flor,
Del mio pensiero tu sei regina,
Tu ai nis vita sei le splendor,
Il tuo bel cielo vorrei irdarti,
Le delci brezze del patrio suol;
Un regal serto sul erin posarti,
Ergerti un treno vicino al sol! Ah!

ENGLISH VERSION.

RECIT:

That if 'tis I am chosen and my dream be now accom-
plished! Of a glorious army I the chosen leader, mine glorious
victory, by Memphis received in triumph! To thee returned,
Aids, my brow entwined with laurel, tells thee for thee I battled,
for thee I conquered!

ARIA.

Heavenly Aids, beauty resplendent,
Radiant flower, blooming and bright,
Queenly thou reignest o'er me transcendent,
Bathing my spirit in beauty's light.
Would that thy bright skies once more beholding,
Breathing the soft airs of thy native land,
Round thy fair brow a diadem folding,
Thine were a throne next the sun to stand. Ah!
Heavenly Aids, etc.

6. Pianoforte Solo,

(a) Allegro from Faschingsachwauk, *Schumann*

(b) Nocturne for left hand alone,

(c) Poème tragique,

} *Scriabin*

Mr. George Woodhonse.

7. Recit. and Air, "Caro Nome," *Verdi*
Miss May Huxley.

RECIT.

Gualtier Haldè! nome di lui sì amato,
Ti scolpisci nel core innamorato!

ARIA.

Caro nome, cre il mio cor
Festi primo palpitare,
Le delizi dell'amor
Hi dei sempre rammentar!
Col pensier il mio desir
A te sempre volerà
E fin l'ultimo sospir,
Caro nome tuo sarà
Il mio desir a te ognerà volerà
Gualtier Haldè! Gualtier Haldè!

Interval of Five Minutes.

8. Songs, "To Daisies," *Roger Quilter*
"Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes"
(Old English), *Ben Johnson*
"The March of the Cameron Men," *Old Scotch*
Mr. Frank Mullings.

TO DAISIES.

Shut not so soon: the dull-eyed night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows great appear,
Nor doth the early Shepherd's Star
Shine like a spangle here—

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die.

"DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES."

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink of wine,
But might I of Love's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be;

But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

"THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON MEN."

There's many a man of the Cameron clan,
That has followed his chief to the field;
He has sworn to support him, or die by his side,
For a Cameron never can yield.

I hear the pibroch sounding, sounding,
Deep o'er the mountain and glen;
While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath,
'Tis the march of the Cameron men.

Oh! proudly they walk, but each Cameron knows,
He may tread on the heather no more;
But boldly he follows his chief to the field,
Where his laurels were gathered before.

The moon has arisen, it shines on that path
Now trod by the gallant and true;
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said,
That whatever men dare, they can do.

9. Violin Solo,

(a) Nocturne.

Chopin

(b) Orientale,

Cui

(c) Airs Russe,

Wieniawski

Miss Kathleen Parlow.

10. Songs, (a) "The Witch of Bowden," *Breville-Smith*

(b) "A Smuggler's Song," *Michael Mullinar*

Mr. Fraser Gange.

"THE WITCH OF BOWDEN."

Corn was blighted, cattle died
In the fields of Bowden!
Red o' hair and evil-eyed
Laughed a wife of Bowden!
"Burn the witch!" the people cried,
"Burn! burn the witch!"
For the sake of crop and corn,
For the sake of hoof and horn,
"Burn the witch of Bowden!"

Spinning at her ingleside
Sat the witch of Bowden,
Heard the roar of the rabble tide
Down by the doors of Bowden.
Looking from her casement, cried,
"Ah, ye think my doom is set,
I've a thread to spin ye yet,
Will work more grief in Bowden!"

Bringing wood from far and near
Came the folk of Bowden,
Piled the faggots for a bier
For the witch of Bowden.

Down the street with taunt and jeer
 Flew the maids and flocked the men,
 Trooped the children ten by ten,
 To burn the witch of Bowden!

Smoke and flame to Eidon sped
 On the moor by Bowden.
 Her cloak was grey, her shoes were red,
 When they burned the witch of Bowden!
 Still ye may search and see the spot,
 Brown on the moor where the grass grows not,
 Where they burned the witch of Bowden!

"A SMUGGLER'S SONG."

If you wake at midnight and hear a horse's feet,
 Don't go drawing back the blind or looking in the street;
 Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie,
 Watch the wall, my darling, while the gentlemen go by.

Five-and-twenty ponies
 Trotting through the dark,
 Brandy for the parson,
 Baccy for the clerk,
 Laces for the lady,
 Letters for the spy—
 And watch the wall, my darling,
 While the gentlemen go by.

Running round the wood-lump, if you chance to find,
 Little barrels roped and tarred, all full of brandy wine,
 Don't you shout to come and look, nor use 'em for your play;
 Put the brushwood back again, and they'll be gone next day.
 Five-and-twenty ponies, etc.

If you do as you've been told, likely there's a chance
 You'll receive a dainty doll, all the way from France,
 With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood,
 A present from the gentlemen, along o' being good!
 Five-and-twenty ponies, etc.

Rudyard Kipling.
 (By permission of the Author.)

11. Pianoforte Solo,

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| (a) Romance in D flat | <i>Sibelius</i> |
| (b) Reflets dans l'eau, | <i>Debussy</i> |
| (c) Scherzo, | <i>Chopin</i> |

Mr. George Woodhouse.

12. Song, (a) "The South Winds," } *Landon Ronald* (b) "All a Merry May Time," }

Miss May Huxley.

"THE SOUTH WINDS."

You can hear the south winds calling,
 And the swallow hears them too,
 'Cross the hills and down the heather,
 There they ride and who cares whether
 North and east winds ride together,
 For the south wind's calling you.

You can hear the south winds whispering,
And the swallow hears them too;
All the heather bells are dinging
To the magic of their ringing,
And your heart is up and singing,
For the south wind's calling you.

You can hear the south winds saying,
And the swallow hears them too,
That the world is full of wonder,
All the burning blue skies under;
Yet you break your lives asunder,
Though the south wind's calling you.

"ALL A-MERRY MAY-TIME."

I hear the wind a-calling on turret and tree,
"Come out my maidens and frolic with me,
Oh! twine your flowing love-locks with roses so rare,
Sing all a-merry May-time, 'tis Spring in the air!"

I hear the birds a-piping in dingle and dell,
"Come out my pretty maidens and frolic with me,
Oh! come and choose your sweethearts so gay and so fair,
Sing all a-merry May-time, 'tis Joy in the air!"

I hear the bells a-ringing in steeple and tower,
"Come out my happy lovers, this sweet bridal hour;
Oh! come with joy and gladness to the wedding repair,
Sing all a-merry May-time, 'tis Love in the air!"

13. Song, (a) "Ask Not One Least Word of Praise,"

Granville Bartock

(b) "Love's Song,"

Brahms

Mr. Frank Mullings.

"ASK NOT ONE LEAST WORD OF PRAISE!"

Ask not one least word of praise!

Words declare your eyes are bright?

What then meant that summer day's

Silence spent in one long gaze?

Was my silence wrong or right?

Words of praise were all to seek!

Face of you and form of you,

Did they find the praise so weak

When my lips just touched your cheek—

Touch which let my soul come through?

"LOVE SONG."

When my radiant one is nigh,

When she roams the meadows,

Sweeter carols sound on high—

'Mid the woodland shadows.

When she culls the bud of May

Then are fair the bowers,

Where her tender footsteps stray

Brighter bloom the flowers.

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Without thee the world is dead,
I can find no pleasure,
Ev'ry joy for me is fled
If without my treasure.
Oh my heart's delight and Queen
Be thou ever near me, grant me still,
these joys serene,
In my heart I'll wear thee.

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